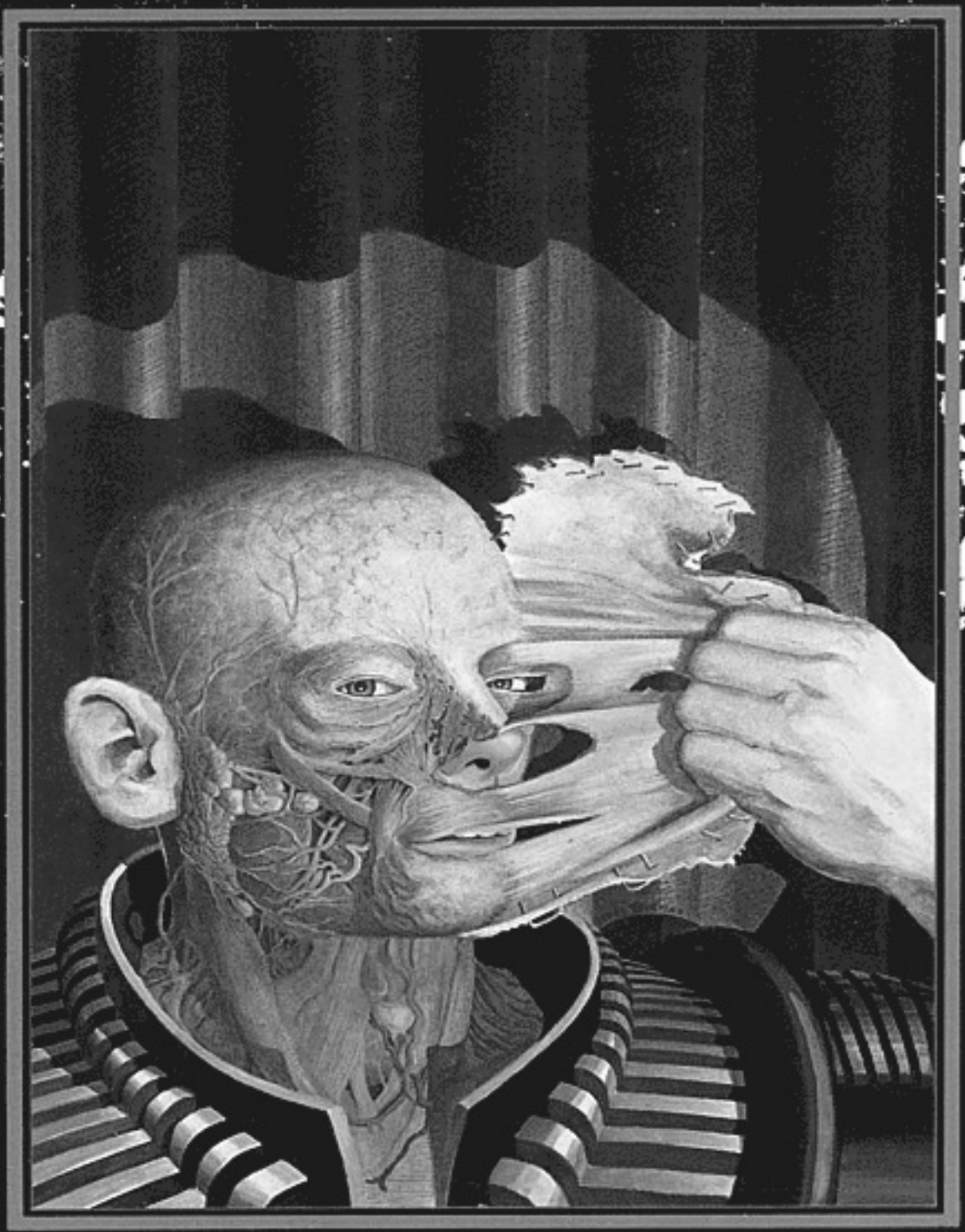
VISIT…

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

SEX, LIES, and HOLY WAR



C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini

Ron Wolfe
Kieron Dwyer

Nicholas Vince
Andrew Paquette

foreword
D.G. Chichester

Later
C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Colleen Doran
artist
Gaspar
letterer

Devil's Brigade Part Thirteen: Breakdown in Red
Ron Wolfe
writer
Kieron Dwyer
artist
Richard Starkings
letterer

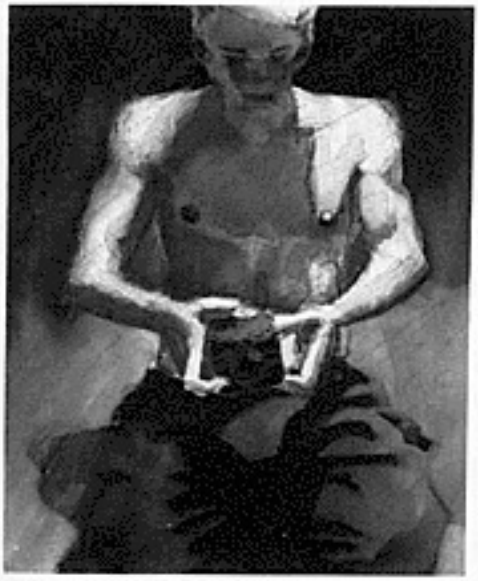
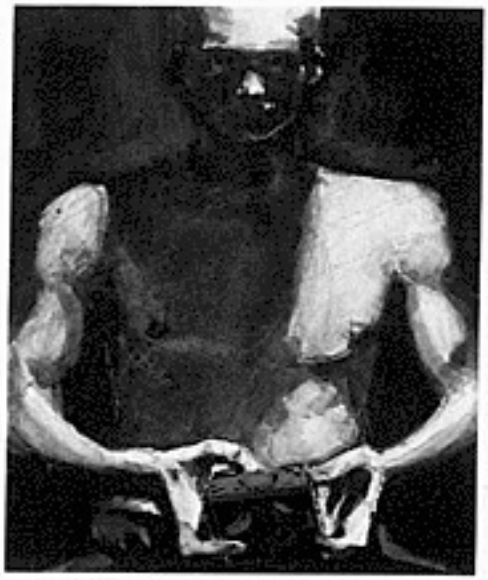
Devil's Brigade Part Fourteen: Echoes, Dreams and Revelations
Nicholas Vance
writer
Andrew Paquette
artist
Phil Felix
letterer

afterword
Marc McLaurin

Published every six weeks by Epic Comics. Office of publication: 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 14.
No part of this book may be printed or reproduced in any manner whatsoever whether mechanical or electronic, without the written permission of Clive Barker and the publisher. The stories, characters and incidents in this book are entirely fictional. CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ (including all prominent characters appearing in this book and the distinctive likenesses thereof, with the exception of the characters FACE, FLAGELLUM, BALBERITH, ABIGOR, and MASTER) are trademarks of Clive Barker. The characters Abigor and Master (appearing in the story "Later") Face and Flagellum (appearing in the story "Echoes, Dreams and Revelations"), and the distinctive likenesses thereof are the trademarks of Epic Comics. ALL CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ material copyright © 1992 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1992 Epic Comics. All rights reserved.

"Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics.

FOREWORD

Making a deal with the devil's a pretty sure-fire way of getting yourself burned; the denizens of down below are notoriously remiss when it comes to customer satisfaction. We, however, pride ourselves on being the new breed (or is that *Nightbreed*? No, that's another book!) of the diabolic; enter into our bargains and you get what you pay for, whether it's the finest in graphic storytelling (and by Leviathan, we do mean graphic) or following through on our offer to dig into your letters if you'd be kind enough to send 'em our way ("kind" being a relative term, you understand). You responded, and now so shall we; submitted for your perusal, a selection of what's sent our mail room guys shrieking to the nearest sanitarium. . .

I love Hellraiser, though it should be more gory, graphic & painful. Can you provide a diagram that shows the moves to turn the Lament Configuration into the Leviathan? How about a story with a cannibal — a prostitute who eats her clients while they watch and scream? Let's get more entertaining here.

— Jimmy K. Winston

Putting the moves on the LeMarchand puzzle box is half the fun, Jimmy. . .the other half is agony beyond imagining (well, *we* can imagine). As for your story suggestion, what do you think we're publishing here? A kiddie book?

Issue #110 was superb! I loved the foil cover. "One True Faith" was a stunning story; but then Nick Vince has a wonderful writing talent and an inside edge on the Hellraiser mythos. As always, the tie in artwork pages are wonderful. There's something very classy about their inclusion that I can't quite put my finger on.

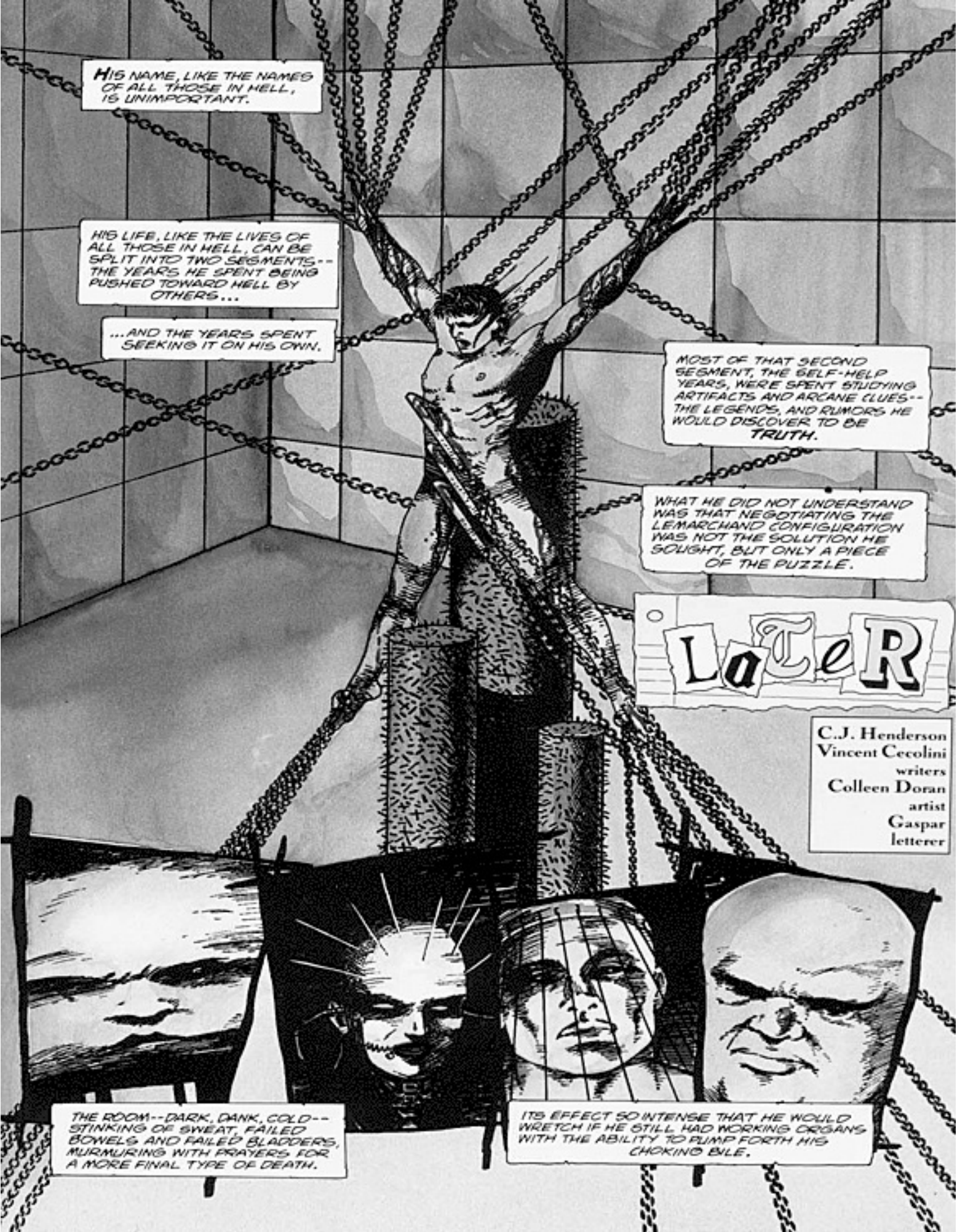
— Steve Goodrich

Appreciate your comments and critiques, Steve; sorry some of the art didn't meet with your complete satisfaction, but as you said elsewhere, there is much merit in diversity and we stand by our choices. As for putting your finger on those pin up pages, avoid it — it usually ends up in a lot of bone and tissue fragments.

Your correspondence aside, gentle reader, we have other cruelties this issue, beginning with a special delivery of terror in "Later," C.J. Henderson and V. Cecolini's relentless tale of violation and intimidation as a rapist tries to outwit the Cenobites; the talented Colleen Doran returns to these pages to supply the art. Ron Wolfe makes good and evil on the conclusion of his *Devil's Brigade* storyline when the malevolent Face is confronted with the outcome of his demonic drama of order and anarchy; fan favorite Kieron Dwyer joins in on the mayhem, putting pictures to Ron's words. And, also returning, the aforementioned Mr. Nicholas Vince rallies his *Devil's Brigade* troop, the crone-Cenobite Balberith, for a final assault on the forces of chaos in "Dreams and Revelations;" Andrew Paquette provides the evocative woodcut-style illustrations.

See you in six weeks for more mail bag madness.

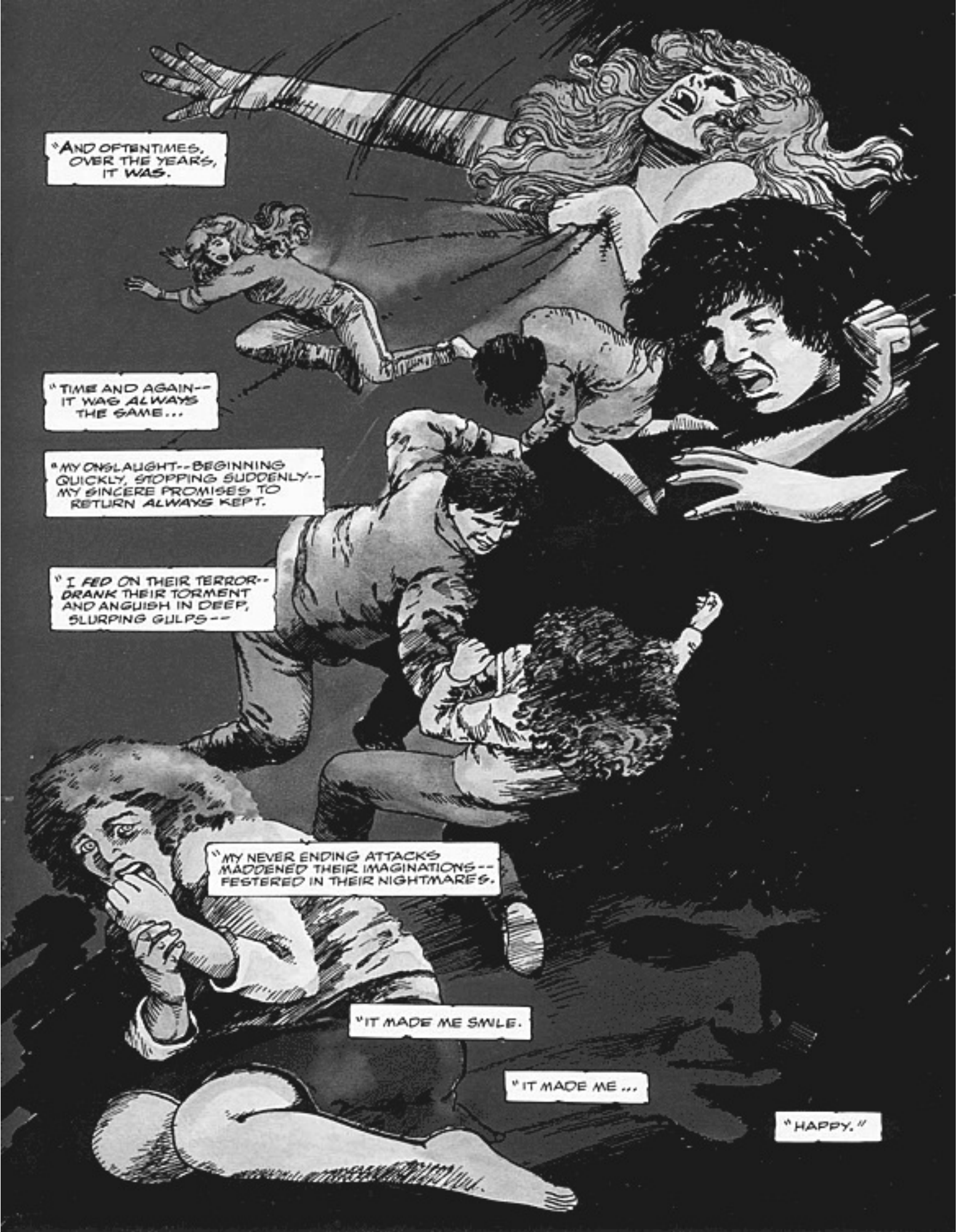
D.G. Chichester
consulting editor


HIS NAME, LIKE THE NAMES OF ALL THOSE IN HELL, IS UNIMPORTANT.
HIS LIFE, LIKE THE LIVES OF ALL THOSE IN HELL, CAN BE SPLIT INTO TWO SEGMENTS-- THE YEARS HE SPENT BEING PUSHED TOWARD HELL BY OTHERS...
...AND THE YEARS SPENT SEEKING IT ON HIS OWN.
MOST OF THAT SECOND SEGMENT, THE SELF-HELP YEARS, WERE SPENT STUDYING ARTIFACTS AND ARCANE CLUES-- THE LEGENDS, AND RUMORS HE WOULD DISCOVER TO BE TRUTH.
WHAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND WAS THAT NEGOTIATING THE LEMARCHAND CONFIGURATION WAS NOT THE SOLUTION HE SOUGHT, BUT ONLY A PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.
LaTeR
C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Colleen Doran
artist
Gaspar
letterer
THE ROOM--DARK, DANK, COLD-- STINKING OF SWEAT, FAILED BOWELS AND FAILED BLADDERS, MURMURING WITH PRAYERS FOR A MORE FINAL TYPE OF DEATH.
ITS EFFECT SO INTENSE THAT HE WOULD WRETCH IF HE STILL HAD WORKING ORGANS WITH THE ABILITY TO PUMP FORTH HIS CHOKING BILE.

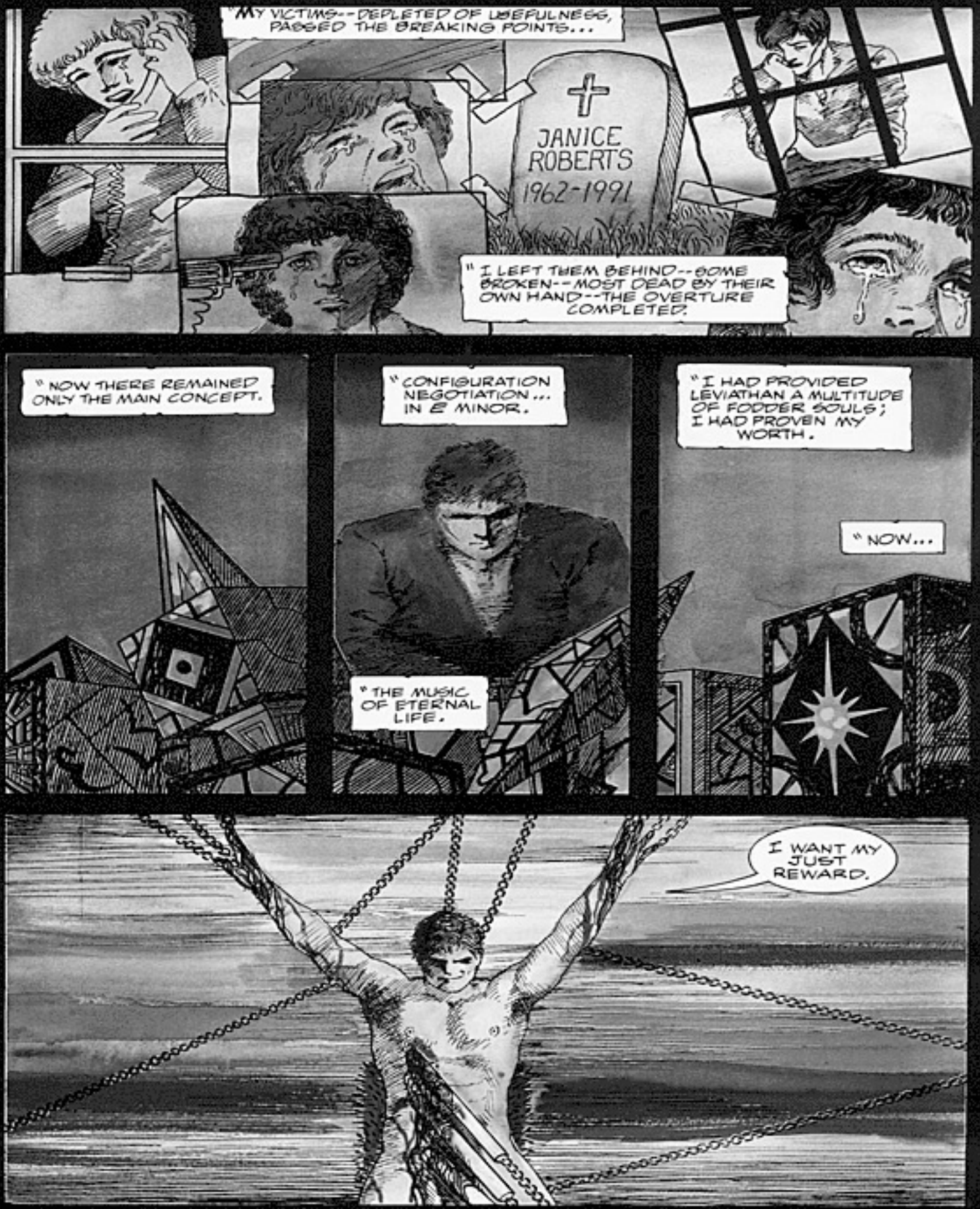
WHY DO YOU BEG SO WHEN IT WAS YOU WHO SOUGHT US?
THE LAST AUTOMATIC SIGNALS LEFT TO HIS MIND FIGHT HIS PAIN SO HE MIGHT COMPREHEND HIS CAPTORS WORDS AND GIVE ANSWER.
I'VE WANTED... DREAMED OF BECOMING...ONE OF YOU.
FLATTERING--AN ADMIRABLE GOAL. BUT, LIKE ALL OTHERS, YOU HAVE FAR TO TRAVEL. YOU MUST LEARN TO SHED THE IDENTITY OF FLESH.
"LET THE EDUCATION CONTINUE."
NO--WAIT! I AM DIFFERENT. WORTHY! I CAN PROVE IT.
"YOU CAN?"
LET US HEAR YOUR STORY.

"I WOULD RIDE THE SUBWAY AT NIGHT, CHOOSING THE RIGHT VICTIMS--A WOMAN RIDING NERVOUSLY ALONE, SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE, PRAYING QUIETLY FOR SAFE ARRIVAL.
"FOLLOWING HER AS SHE WOULD ASCEND FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO STREET LEVEL, I WOULD "THINK" AT HER, CALLING TO HER MIND.
"I KNEW IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE I COULD MAKE HER REACT TO MY PRESENCE.
"FOLLOWING HER DOWN GRAY NIGHT'S DESOLATE STREETS, I WOULD NARROW THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US. HER FEAR, EXUDING FROM HER LIKE A JUNGLE FRAGRANCE, WAS... AROUSING.
"AND SHE WOULD KNOW -- SMELLING ME AS I SMELLED HER. SHE'D ALWAYS TURN... AND I..."
OH, ENOUGH. A WEAKNESS OF FLESH.
PURPOSELESS PAIN, BORN OF A LACK OF ORDER. WE'VE HEARD THIS ALL BEFORE.
NO-- WAIT! PLEASE!
YESSSS?
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD MY STORY BEFORE. I SWEAR IT.
LET ME FINISH AND YOU'LL SEE.
"CONTINUE."

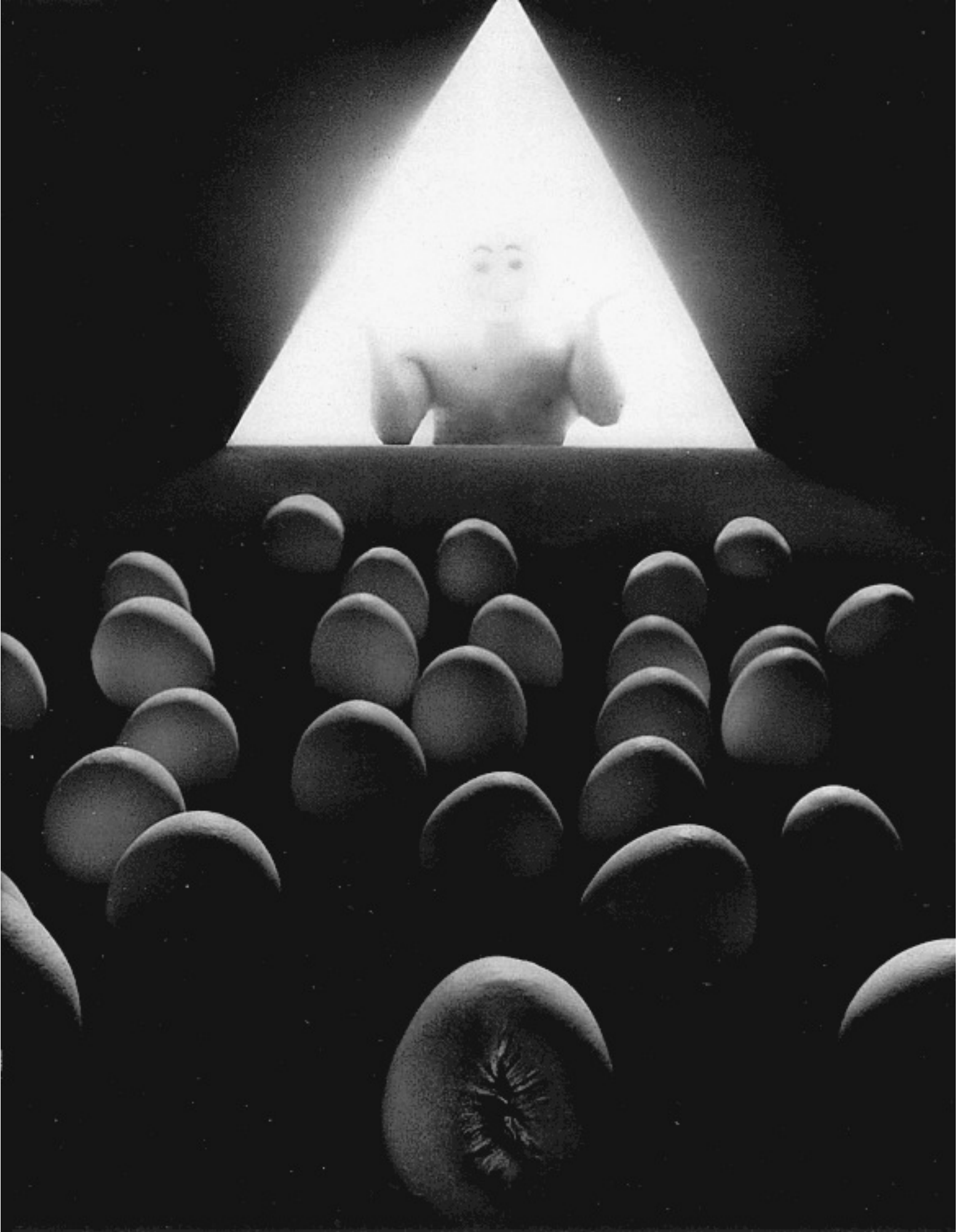
"WHEN I WOULD BEGIN MY ATTACKS, EVERY NIGHTMARE THEY HAD EVER *DREAMED* REPLAY IN THEIR MINDS.
"I WOULD HELP, OF COURSE, BY FORCING HER TO THE GROUND--*PUNISHING* HER.
"STARING AT HER FROM ABOVE, I'D GIVE HER A MOMENT TO *PLEAD*.
"AT THE POINT SHE EXPECTED THE WORST...
...I WOULD STOP."
NO. YOU'RE NOT READY YET.
"FISHING THROUGH THEIR PURSES FOR IDENTIFICATION, I WOULD READ NAME AND ADDRESS--OUT LOUD.
"WHEN SHE WAS READY--WHEN THE TIME WAS RIGHT, I *PROMISED* I WOULD *RETURN*...
"...THEN I'D LEAVE, TELLING HER."
I'LL SEE YOU... *LATER*.
"AS I WALKED AWAY I WOULD WHISTLE SOMETHING PLEASANT..."
...IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALLLL...

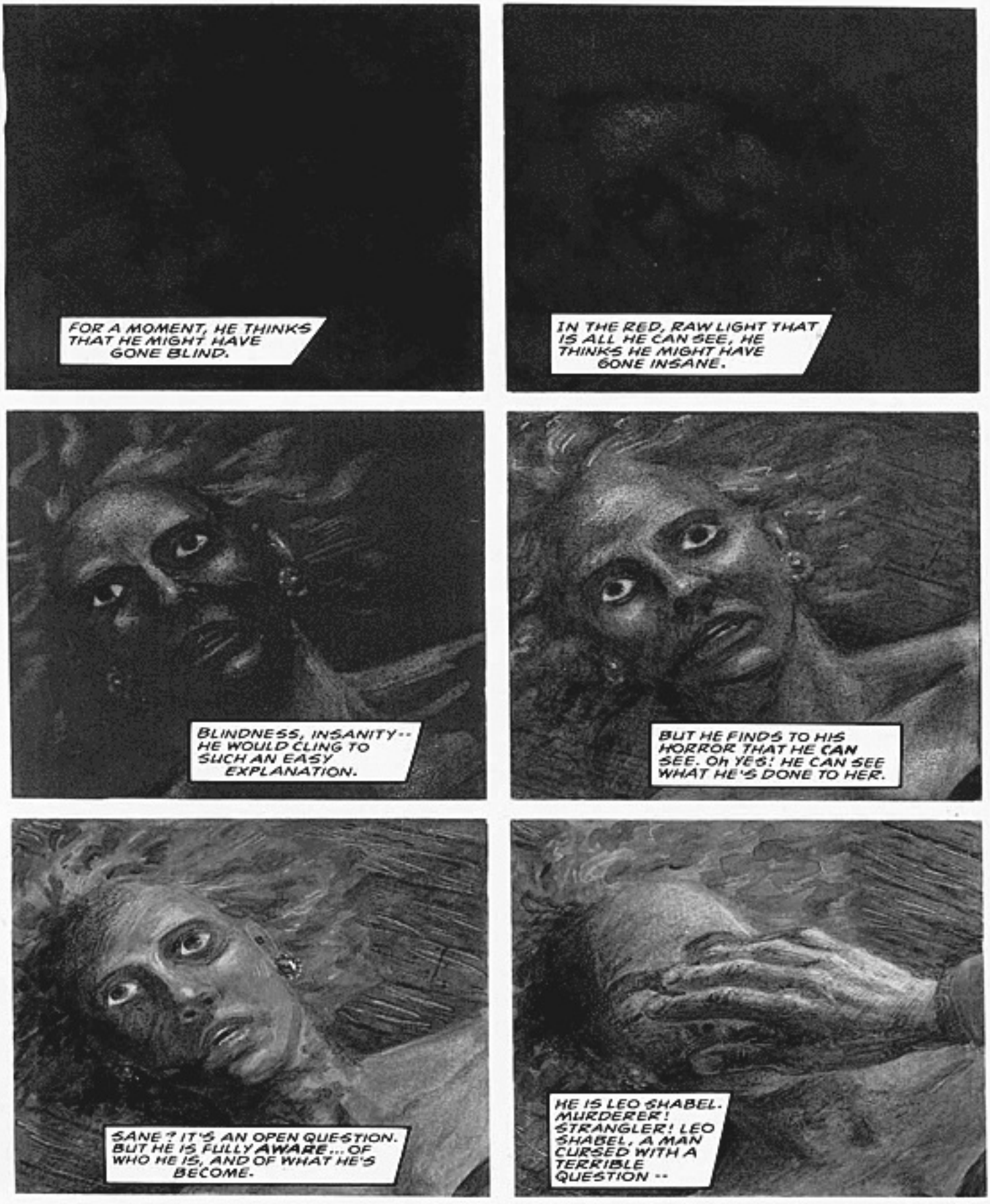

"AND OFTENTIMES, OVER THE YEARS, IT WAS.
"TIME AND AGAIN-- IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME...
"MY ONSLAUGHT--BEGINNING QUICKLY, STOPPING SUDDENLY-- MY SINCERE PROMISES TO RETURN ALWAYS KEPT.
"I FED ON THEIR TERROR-- DRANK THEIR TORMENT AND ANGUISH IN DEEP, SLURPING GULPS--
"MY NEVER ENDING ATTACKS MADDENED THEIR IMAGINATIONS-- FESTERED IN THEIR NIGHTMARES.
"IT MADE ME SMILE.
"IT MADE ME ...
"HAPPY."

"I PLAYED THEM LIKE VIOLINS...
"PEERING FROM BUSHES-- THINKING THEIR NAMES...
"MAILING THEM BLANK PAGES SO THEY COULD READ MY SOUL--
"NEVER LETTING THEM FORGET...
"NEVER LETTING THE TERROR SUBSIDE.
"NEVER.
"I COLLECTED THEIR EMOTIONS LIKE INSECTS-- PINNING THEIR WINGS TO THE WALL WITH MY CAMERA--
"KNOWING MORE SURELY EACH DAY THAT IT WOULD SOON BE TIME TO STEP TOWARD IMMORTALITY."


"MY VICTIMS--DEPLETED OF LIFEFULNESS, PASSED THE BREAKING POINTS...
JANICE ROBERTS
1962-1991
"I LEFT THEM BEHIND--SOME BROKEN--MOST DEAD BY THEIR OWN HAND--THE OVERTURE COMPLETED.
"NOW THERE REMAINED ONLY THE MAIN CONCEPT.
"CONFIGURATION NEGOTIATION... IN E MINOR.
"THE MUSIC OF ETERNAL LIFE.
"I HAD PROVIDED LEVIATHAN A MULTITUDE OF FODDER SOULS; I HAD PROVEN MY WORTH.
"NOW...
I WANT MY JUST REWARD.

"WELL...?"
I ADMIT, YOUR STORY HAS MERIT. BUT I HASTEN TO ADD THAT I THINK YOU MAY HAVE MISSED THE POINT.
YOU HAVE POTENTIAL--THERE IS A *FINE* SENSE OF ORDER WITHIN YOU. BUT FIRST, I FEEL YOU SHOULD BECOME BETTER VERSED IN OUR PHILOSOPHIES.
NO. WAIT!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
WHEN DO I BECOME *ONE* OF YOU?
PERHAPS... LATER.
NOOOOO!
OH-OHH-H-H-H




FOR A MOMENT, HE THINKS THAT HE MIGHT HAVE GONE BLIND.
IN THE RED, RAW LIGHT THAT IS ALL HE CAN SEE, HE THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE GONE INSANE.
BLINDNESS, INSANITY-- HE WOULD CLING TO SUCH AN EASY EXPLANATION.
BUT HE FINDS TO HIS HORROR THAT HE CAN SEE. Oh YES! HE CAN SEE WHAT HE'S DONE TO HER.
SANE? IT'S AN OPEN QUESTION. BUT HE IS FULLY AWARE... OF WHO HE IS, AND OF WHAT HE'S BECOME.
HE IS LEO SHABEL. MURDERER! STRANGLER! LEO SHABEL, A MAN CURSED WITH A TERRIBLE QUESTION --

WHY..?!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? LISA ANN! I NEVER MEANT--
I--I NEVER MEANT TO H-HURT YOU.
A FEVER DREAM COME TRUE, IT'S ALL THE MORE SURREAL FOR WHERE THEY ARE.
THE MURDER TOOK PLACE ON A STAGE IN A SMALL, EMPTY THEATER--A STAGE SET FOR "THE GLASS MENAGERIE."
SHE LOVED THIS PLACE. IT WAS HER LIFE'S WORK: COMMUNITY THEATER. SHE WANTED TO SHARE IT WITH HIM. A LATE-NIGHT, LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS --
--BUT SOMETHING SNAPPED. SOMETHING TILTED THE WORLD, IT SEEMED, JUST FOR A MOMENT. AND LIFE CAN GO TO HELL IN JUST A MOMENT.
YOU C-CALLED ME THE MAGIC MAN. YOU SAID I COULD HAVE ANYTHING, JUST FOR THE WISHING.
BUT WISHES DON'T REALLY COME TRUE, LISA ANN, OR YOU'D STILL BE ALIVE. YOU WOULD LIVE AGAIN--!
Ron Wolfe
writer
Kieron Dwyer
artist
Richard Starkings
letterer
THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 13
BREAKDOWN IN RED

LIVE AGAIN!
HOW LONG DOES THE MIND ENDURE AFTER THE BODY DIES? AFTER THE BODY IS MURDERED?
HERE IS THE ANSWER.
LIVE AGAIN!
THERE HAD BEEN DREAMS AND DETERMINATIONS HERE, MEMORIES AND HOPES, ALL THE MYRIAD THOUGHTS THAT WERE LISA ANN MERCER -- ALL GONE, GIVEN AWAY TO AN ENDLESS NIGHT.
LIVE AGAIN!
BUT THE NIGHT... BREATHES ON.
Ah! SHOCK THEATER --! A SURPRISE TOUCH OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL! I LIKE IT!
WHAT A SHAME I CAN'T ALLOW IMPROVISATION...
CALL THE POLICE. GIVE MYSELF UP. I'LL HAVE TO CONFESS... TO *WHAT*, THOUGH? TO A KILLING THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN?
SHE MEANT TOO MUCH! SHE CAN'T HAVE DIED FOR NOTHING BUT A FLASH OF MADNESS. I WON'T ALLOW IT.
"MAGIC MAN." MAGIC. SOME KIND OF POWER. I CAN *FEEL* IT, JUST THE WAY SHE SAID.
THERE'S A PURPOSE TO EVERYTHING, EVEN TO *THIS*...

CONSIDER A MAN WITH THE ULTIMATE PUZZLE: THE MURDERER WHO CANNOT EXPLAIN WHAT HE'S DONE.
SAVE TO SAY THAT'S HE'S KILLED NOTHING LESS THAN HIS LAST HOPE OF LOVE.
I SWEAR IT, LISA ANN... I WILL KNOW THE ANSWER.
THINK, DAMN IT! REMEMBER! UNDERSTAND! WHAT HAPPENED..?
THE STREET HAVEN
"I'VE GIVEN MY WHOLE LIFE TO HELPING THE POOR, EVERY WAY THAT I COULD.
"I SET UP A STREET SHELTER. IT WASN'T MUCH AT FIRST -- JUST ONE MAN'S SMALL RESPONSE TO A DESPERATE NEED.
"THE STREET HAVEN FLOWERED INTO MORE THAN I EVER IMAGINED. A NATIONAL CRUSADE FOR THE HOMELESS!
"BUT STILL... SO MUCH HUNGER IN THE WORLD. SO MUCH LONELINESS. I COULDN'T ENDURE SUCH A WORLD ALL ALONE.
"LISA ANN, YOU WERE MY SHELTER."

FACE!
WHA--?!
FLAGELLUM?
HEED ME FACE!
LEO SHABEL IS A DANGER TO HELL--
AND YOU'VE PUSHED HIM TOO FAR!
I CAME WITH NEWS OF VICTORY IN THE WAR ON FLESH. ABIGOR HAS TRIUMPHED:
THE DECOURCY REGIME HAS BEEN RESTORED TO POWER IN AFRICA, AND THE FORCES OF WHITE SUPREMACY HAVE SEIZED CONTROL.
A NATION, FACE--!
THOUSANDS OF LIVES, LED OUT OF CHAOS, BOUND OVER TO THE WILL OF LEVIATHAN.

AND HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED, GIVEN THE SIMPLEST OF TASKS TO PERFORM IN THIS TIME OF CONFIGURATION!
YOU -- WITH YOUR DAMNED THEATRICS!
YOU'VE MADE A MOCKERY OF LEVIATHAN'S MANDATE OF A WORLD IN ORDER!
YOU WERE SENT TO KEEP LEO SHABEL IN CONTROL -- TO SAVE THE BLEEDING BABBLER FROM HIS OWN PSYCHOSIS...
...TO HONE THE RANKS OF THE HOMELESS INTO A UNIFIED FORCE.
HELD IN CONTROL, THIS MAN COULD BE THE AGENT THAT HELL NEEDS.
HE COULD STOP THE CHAOS IN THE STREETS, PULL FORM FROM THE VOID.
I WARN YOU, FACE, IN THE NAME OF LEVIATHAN, KEEP TO YOUR MISSION!

ALONE AGAIN, ALONE INSIDE THE DEAD, DARK MIND OF THE MURDERED WOMAN--
THE ONE-TIME ACTOR, THE MASKED CENOBITE KNOWN AS FACE IS LEFT TO HIS REDISCOVERY OF AN OLD EMOTION.
FEAR.
WHHOK
PAIN IS SUCH A COMFORT TO HIM MOST TIMES--
NOT NOW.
IT-IT'S TRUE, I WAS TOO SELF-INDULGENT IN PLAYING MY ROLE. I HAMMED IT UP.
CONTROLLING THIS WOMAN FROM DEEP IN HER MIND, WEARING HER LIKE A MASK! I MADE HER EVERYTHING LEO SHABEL EVER WANTED.
"I PLAYED THE PART OF THE SWEETHEART THE TEMPTRESS, THE WHORE AND THE ANGEL. HIS BEST FRIEND. HIS LOVING MOTHER.
"ALL IN ONE -- AND ALL OF THEM NAMED LISA ANN.
"I MADE HIS EVERY WISH COME TRUE. WHAT BETTER WAY TO BIND HIM?
"I LEARNED HIS EVERY SECRET, EVERY HUNGER HE'D DENIED.
"THE HUNGER TO KILL... THE ULTIMATE YEARNING. HE MIGHT HAVE KEPT IT SUPPRESSED ALL HIS LIFE.
"OH, BUT I WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE DRAMA, IN THE ROLE OF BEING EVERYTHING --
"SWEETHEART, TEMPTRESS, BEST FRIEND, MOTHER... VICTIM."

I'VE STAGED A TRAGEDY IN ERROR.
BUT EVEN A RUINOUS SHOW CAN BE SAVED BY A BRILLIANT THIRD ACT.
MAKE A WISH, MAGIC MAN. WISHES COME TRUE.
LIVE AGAIN!
LIVE AGAIN!
G-GOODBYE, LISA ANN.
I LOVE YOU.
PLEASE... FORGIVE ME.

ALLL FORGIIIVENNNNN.
IT'S MY GIFT TO YOU, LEO. THE MAGIC WISH--!
THE DREAM THAT FINDS A WAY.
HER STRENGTH IS MORE THAN HUMAN, CLINGING TO HIM.
HER VOICE... SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.
YOU AND ME, LEO--WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT FROM THE TOP.
WE'RE GOING TO PRACTICE OUR LINES--
WE'RE GOING TO LEARN THE RIGHT BLOCKING.

WE'RE A TEAM, AND WE'RE TAKING THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.
NO!
SWEET HEAVEN, HELP ME--!
Y-YOU'RE NOT LISA ANN!
HOW BRIGHT TO REMEMBER. YOU KILLED LISA ANN. BUT WE'RE GOING TO MAKE EVERY-THING RIGHT FROM NOW ON.
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO IN HELL--?

SSSKKRR
KRIPP
IT'S SHOWTIME, LEO!
HENNH-NNH AH-HA-HAA

REMIND ME TO TELL YOU WHAT FUN IT WAS TO STAR IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT..."
BUT FOR NOW, YOU HAVE WORK TO DO -- TO FEED THE DREGS, TO SHELTER THE STREET SCUM... WHATEVER IT TAKES TO BRING FLESH INTO LINE.
SSKRIP
YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHAT I SAY, LEO. EXACTLY. EVERY TIME --
OR YOU'LL FIND ME INSIDE OF YOUR HEART, IN THE PLACE OF YOUR SOUL.
AND YOU WON'T LIKE IT --
ANY MORE THAN SHE DID.
I THINK WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.
I UNDERSTAND... YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS!
AND I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!

WHO ARE YOU?!
SKKKRRIPP
SHOW ME!
HUNNNNGH!
ALL RIGHT, LEO, IF THAT'S YOUR WISH.
BE WARNED, THOUGH. YOU MIGHT NOT SEE THE TRUTH.
YOU HAVE THE GIFT OF THE WISH THAT COMES TRUE, AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT YOU WANT.
BEHOLD!

"BEHOLD..!
"THE FACE...
"OF THE MONSTER...
"UNMASKED!"
THE FACE OF EVIL -- NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU DENY IT. YOU KNOW.
YOU'VE SEEN THE TRUTH IN EVERY MIRROR, EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE.
THE PUZZLE IS BROKEN IN SHARP, WHITE SILENCE. THE MEANING COMES CLEAR TO HIM.
AT LAST, HE CAN FIX A NAME TO THE GUIDING FORCE IN HIS LIFE -- A BETTER NAME THAN MAGIC. EVIL.
AT LAST, HE CAN KNOW THERE WAS VALUE TO LISA ANN'S DEATH. PERFECT REASON. SHE DIED TO SHOW THE WAY.
I... AM THE WAY.
YES! A GOOD MAN TRIES HIS BEST TO SAVE THE WORLD, AND THE WORLD DOESN'T CARE, LEO. THE WORLD GOES ON HURTING. GRIEVING. STARVING.
"BUT ASK YOURSELF, WHAT COULD AN EVIL MAN DO?"
TH-THE EVILLL MAAAAN..? COULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
H-HE COULD SEE TO IT... THAT NO ONE HAS TO LIVE IN SUCH A WORLD.
AND HE COULD DELIVER...
THE ONLY ESCAPE!

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

SHAKK
MISTER..?

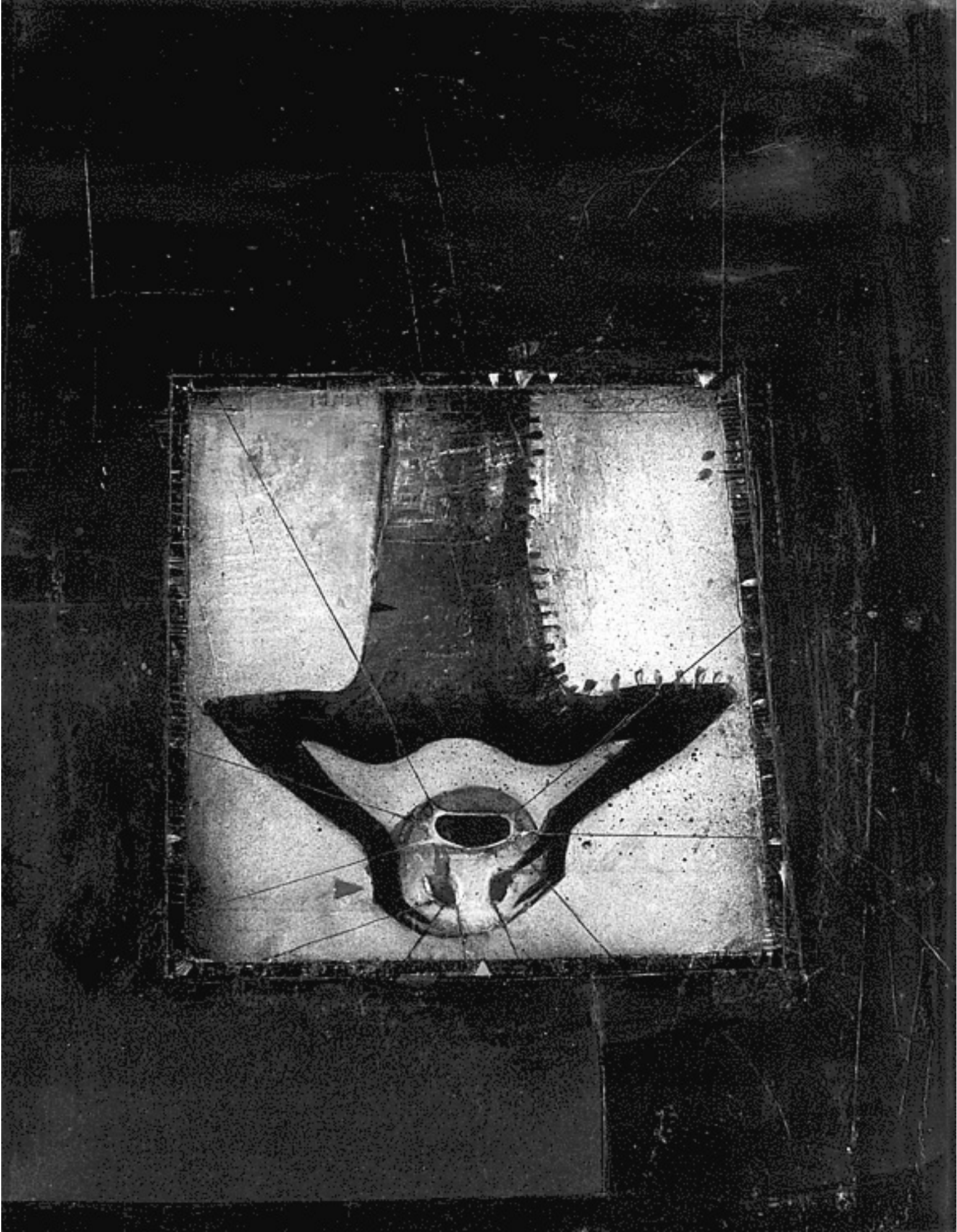
MISTER, IT'S AWFUL COLD TONIGHT. COULD'JA HELP A FELLA DOWN ON HIS LUCK?
HELP ME OUT?

HEAR THE SCREAM? YOUR MADMAN, FACE -- SHABEL! HE'S ON THE LOOSE!
CHAOS! MURDER! THIS BATTLE, LOST.
YOUR MISSION COMES TO THE END A GROTESQUE FAILURE!
EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.

LEVIATHAN'S STORM TROOPS DON'T HAVE TO WIN EVERY ENCOUNTER, JUST A MAJORITY. ABIGOR CAN HAVE THE TRIUMPHS. I'LL SETTLE FOR A DECENT MATINEE.

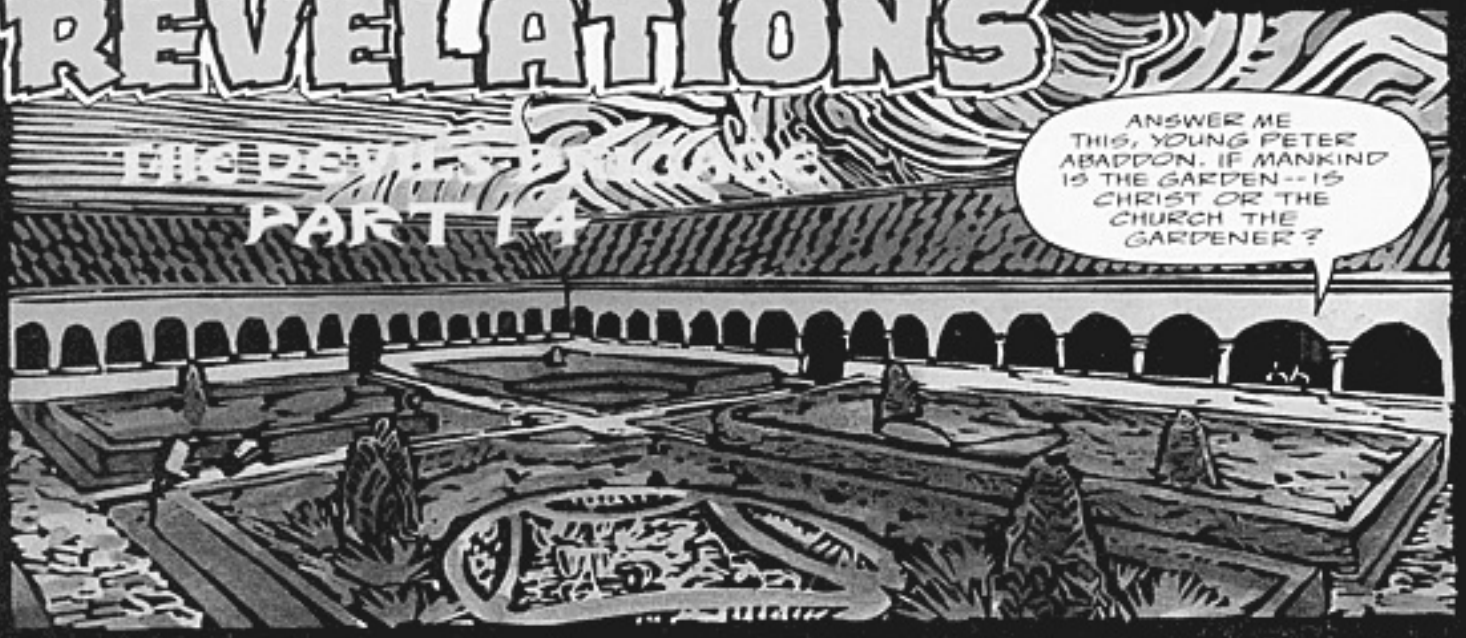
WHAT FAILURE? IT WAS A HELL OF A SHOW.

THE END



ECHOES, DREAMS AND REVELATIONS

PART 14



THIS GARDEN IS AN ABOMINATION AGAINST CREATION, PETER! NOTHING SHORT.
GOD MADE ROOM FOR ALL THESE PLANTS, YET MAN DECIDES WHICH ARE FITTING IN THE MOCKING DREAMS OF EDEN.
SO, TOO, THE CHURCH IMPOSES ORDER AND TO DO THAT, WEEDS OUT THE DISSENTERS.
AND WITH THEM GO ALL THAT IS STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL -- ALL CHANCE OF GROWTH.
AP

Nicholas Vince
writer
Andrew Paquette
artist
Phil Felix
letterer

ARE THOSE PLANTS EVIL? ARE THEY SINNING? THEIR ONLY CRIME IS: THEY DON'T FIT INTO THE GARDENER'S DESIGN.
AND THERE IS ONE REWARD, FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT FIT INTO THE DESIGN LAID DOWN BY THE CHURCH...
...WHO MUST BE "PUT OUT-SIDE."
CONSIGNMENT TO THE FLAMES.
IT'S TRUE THEN, FATHER JENNER. YOU ARE TO BE EXCOMMUNICATED.
YES.
IT'S TRUE THEN, FATHER ABADDON. YOU... I... WE... ARE TO BE TRIED FOR HERESY.
YES.
I... WHAT HAPPENED? I DON'T UNDER...
WHO IS SHE?
SHE IS ONE OF MY FAILURES; REBECCA. SHE ACCUSED THE TELEVANGELIST SAMUEL OF BEING A DRONE OF HELL.
SHE CUT ME.
AND WAS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM.

I TRIED TO HELP YOU. DO YOU TOO ACCUSE ME?
COME, THEY'RE WAITING.
I LUKE ABJURE THEE ABADDON...
...I RENOUNCE OUR FRIENDSHIP. YOU QUESTION ALL THAT A PRIEST SHOULD BELIEVE. LET THE BELL BE TOLLED FOR YOUR PASSING.
NO, LUKE... I LOVED YOU! I MOURNED YOUR DEATH.
YOU'RE DEAD?
I SAMUEL, DENOUNCE THEE. YOU TEACH REDEMPTION BUT IGNORE REPENTANCE, YOU LEAD YOUR FOLLOWERS INTO SIN. LET THE BOOK OF YOUR LIFE BE CLOSED.
NO, SAMUEL. I AM TRYING TO SAVE THE CHURCH! NONE OF YOU UNDERSTANDS...

...I'M TRYING TO HELP THE CHURCH SURVIVE.
BEWARE, ABADDON, LEST YOUR PATH LEAD THE CANDLE OF YOUR SOUL TO BE EXTINGUISHED. FOLLOW THE LIGHT OF OUR LORD.
"THE LIGHT..."
"...OF THE LORD."
FATHER?
SORRY TO WAKE YOU, FATHER. THEY'RE WAITING IN THE STUDIO.
OH... OH... QUITE ALL RIGHT...
AFTER THE SHOW, THERE WILL BE A CAR...
YOU OKAY, FATHER?
I DREAMED OF THE GARDEN AND A CHARGE OF HERESY AGAIN. IT'S NOTHING.
THAT'S GREAT.
SO, CAR TO THE BISHOP'S FOR MEETING REGARDING SPONSORSHIP.
RADIO INTERVIEWS AT SIX AND AT SEVEN THIRTY A RECEPTION AT THE GOVERNOR'S.
1
2

FATHER PETER ABADDON'S T.V. MINISTRY HAS GAINED AS MANY CRITICS AS IT HAS CONVERTS. TODAY'S GRAND INQUISITOR, ABADDON'S RIVAL EVANGELIST SAMUEL, PUTS THE QUESTION: ABADDON -- HERO OR HERETIC?
Inquisition
XBC

PETER, YOU CALL FOR THE ORDINATION OF WOMEN, YET PAUL CLEARLY STATES: "IT IS SHAMEFUL FOR A WOMAN TO SPEAK IN CHURCH."
YET PAUL SPEAKS OF JUNIA, WHO WAS "OF NOTE AMONG THE APOSTLES."

I QUESTION DOCTRINE SO THAT WOMEN MAY RETURN MORE FULLY IN THE CHURCH.
THE BIBLE POINTS TO THE ARRIVAL...

XBC
...OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, WHEN WE SHALL BE JUDGED -- SOME RECEIVING EVERLASTING LIFE, THE OTHERS DEPARTING INTO EVERLASTING FLAMES.
ISN'T YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO WARN AND SAVE?

FIRSTLY, MY MINISTRY DOESN'T PRECLUDE SALVATION -- I DON'T ENCOURAGE OR ADVOCATE SIN.
AND JESUS SAID: "THE KINGDOM OF GOD COMETH NOT WITH OBSERVATION... FOR BEHOLD, THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

I BELIEVE CHRIST MEANT US TO BUILD GOD'S KINGDOM ON EARTH, HENCE "THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."
I DREAM OF BUILDING A NEW EDEN, WHERE ALL CAN GROW, ALL MAY BE FORGIVEN. NOT IN THE HEREAFTER, BUT IN THE HERE AND NOW...

... I BELIEVE IN THE LIVING CHRIST...
CHRIST! ANSWER ME!
SHOW ME THE MEANING OF THESE DREAMS! ANSWER ME!
PLEASE.
LORD LEVIATHAN, I WOULD SPEAK WITH THEE THROUGH YOUR VOICE, FLAGEL-LUM.
I WOULD HEAR HOW THE BATTLE PROGRESSES, IN THIS TIME OF CONFIG-URATION.

HOW IS YOUR CHARGE?
RINGED ROUND BY THE DOUBTS I HAVE SOWN IN HIS DREAMS, HOW GOES THE WAR?
THE BALANCE IS EVEN WEIGHED. FACE HAS FAILED: LEO SHABEL HAS ESCAPED US, SISTER ABIGOR HAS TRIUMPHED: DECOURCY HAS CRUSHED THE OPPOSITION IN HIS COUNTRY.
FAILURE TO WIN ABADDON TO US WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.
REST EASY.
THE STORY UNFOLDS AS BID. THE NEXT CHAPTER REMOVES ABADDON'S RIVAL, OUR GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT, SAMUEL.
GO THEN AND RETURN ONLY WITH NEWS OF YOUR VICTORY.
BRING THE WORLD WITHOUT ONE STEP CLOSER TO HELL'S DREAM OF ORDER...

"... FOR HELL'S GREATER GLORY!"
DREAD BALBERITH, I AM ONLY PROPOSING A SIMPLIFICATION OF THE PLAN. FOR ME TO STEP DOWN NOW... AFTER MY GREAT SUCCESS ...IS TOO SOON!
ABADDON IS POPULAR, I ADMIT IT. BUT CAN YOU TRUST HIM? CAN HE BE TURNED TO LEVIATHAN'S WILL?
BETTER TO KILL HIM NOW AND I WILL DELIVER THE INQUISITION OUR GOD LEVIATHAN DEMANDS.
WHAT "OUR GOD LEVIATHAN DEMANDS," SAMUEL...
...IS UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE.
A DEMAND ALL GODS HAVE IN COMMON.

YOU ARE JUDGED A HERETIC AND WILL SUFFER EXCOMMUNICATION.
BUT... YOU HAVEN'T TRIED ME... I'M YET TO BE HEARD... BY WHAT RIGHT?
YOU ARE CONDEMNED BY YOUR OWN PREACHING, ABADDON. YOU CONSTANTLY QUESTION DOCTRINE.
A CHRISTIAN HAS NO SUCH LIBERTY.
YOU ARE BOUND TO RECEIVE THE DOCTRINE THE APOSTLES RECEIVED FROM CHRIST.
SAMUEL!?
THE GOOD GARDENER WEEDS OUT THE THORNS, ABADDON. I HAVE GONE AND PASS THE MANTLE TO YOU. CARRY THE MESSAGE OF OUR LORD.

FATHER? WAKE UP. YOU'RE DREAMING.
YOU WERE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP.
WHAT DID I SAY?
YOU SAID... EHEM... THAT SAMUEL WAS DEAD.
RRRINNG
ANSWER THAT.
IT'S ABOUT SAMUEL, THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT...
ANDREW, CHECK THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH FOR ME, SOMEWHERE IN CHAPTER 27, IT SAYS "WHEN THE WORDS OF THE PROPHET COME TO PASS..."

"...THEN SHALL THE PROPHET BE TRULY KNOWN, THAT THE LORD HAS TRULY SENT HIM."
MY CHILDREN, I HAVE DREAMED, I HAVE DREAMED AND MY DREAM CONTAINED PROPHECY.
AND IN MY DREAM, I WAS TOLD: TO BUILD A NEW EDEN WE MUST BE AS THE GARDENER WHO REMOVES THE CHOKING THORNS...
...THAT THE SEED OF FAITH MIGHT GROW.
LET THOSE WHO STAND AGAINST THE WORD OF THE LORD'S PROPHET TAKE CARE--THE FLAMES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL SEEK THEM OUT.
WE MUST SHUT OUT THE SINNER, WEED OUT THE UNBELIEVER, CONSIGN THE APOSTATE TO THE FLAMES--
LEVIATHAN'S GOT TO HIM.

HEY! DUBBY WAS WATCHING THAT. DUBBY LIKE FATHER ABADDON!
THIS FIGURES -- I'M IN AN ASYLUM WITH AN ABADDON GROUPIE!
DUBSHINSKY, YOU'RE A DUMB OX.
YOU REALLY THINK FATHER ABADDON'S GARDEN HAS ROOM FOR YOU?
DAVID, LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU'RE ALWAYS PICKING ON HIM.
QUIET, REBECCA. DUBBY SHOULD BE TOLD WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.
DUBBY A GOOD CHRISTIAN. HE GOING TO BE A FLOWER IN GARDEN.
ABADDON CAN HAVE HIS GARDEN. I'M SICK OF THE CHURCH, SICK OF IT ALL. I'M GOING TO BECOME A BUDDHIST.
THAT MEANS YOU AN APOSTATE.
THANKS DUBBY, I KNOW WHAT APOSTATE MEANS.

DUBBY IS A GOOD GARDENER.
DAVID! OH GOD!
DAMMIT, SISTER--GET ONE OF THE PORTERS!
SISTER?!
DAVID!!
DUBBY BURN THE APOSTATE!
DA--
I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE! I'M GONNA GET...

"...FREE."

OTHELLO
JENNER'S BOOKS

JENNER
51
WHERE AM I?
STANDING GETTING WET. COME.

SO YOU CUT PETER ABADDON. I WAS HIS TEACHER ONCE -- WHEN I WAS FATHER JENNER.
I'M SURPRISED HE'S FOLLOWED SAMUEL AS A PROPHET ON THE ARMAGEDDON WAGON.

I DON'T LIKE PROPHETS AND DREAM TELLERS.
YOU KNOW WHY PEOPLE BELIEVE IN PREDICTIONS AND DREAMS?
BECAUSE CERTAIN DOOM IS LESS TERRIFYING THAN UNCERTAINTY.
IT IS THE TRULY BRAVE WHO RELY ON THEIR OWN WITS TO DEAL WITH AN UNCERTAIN WORLD, WHO KNOW THEMSELVES ENOUGH TO DECIDE WHAT IS RIGHT...
"...WHO CAN ADMIT THE WORLD IS CHAOTIC, AND BUILD KNOWING THEIR WORK WILL BE DESTROYED, BUT BUILD ANYWAY.
"WHO INSTALL ORDER IN THE WORLD, WITHOUT BEING OBSESSED BY ORDER; WHO LEAVE ROOM FOR THE SURPRISE;
"WHO STAND IN CRAZY BALANCE."

THE OTHERS WANT THEIR FUTURE CELLOPHANE WRAPPED, BLAND, AND FULL OF ARTIFICIAL BLAME.
THEY TURN TO POLITICS, RELIGION AND RACISM TO CHOOSE THE SCAPEGOAT. PEOPLE DO LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE TO BLAME.
I'M THROUGH WITH BLAMING PEOPLE. NOW I JUST WANT TO FIGHT. BUT...
BUT ?

THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM.

THINK NOT THAT I CAME TO SEND PEACE ON EARTH, I CAME NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD! MATTHEW, CHAPTER 10, VERSE 34.
"REBECCA, ABADDON IS LOST TO US."

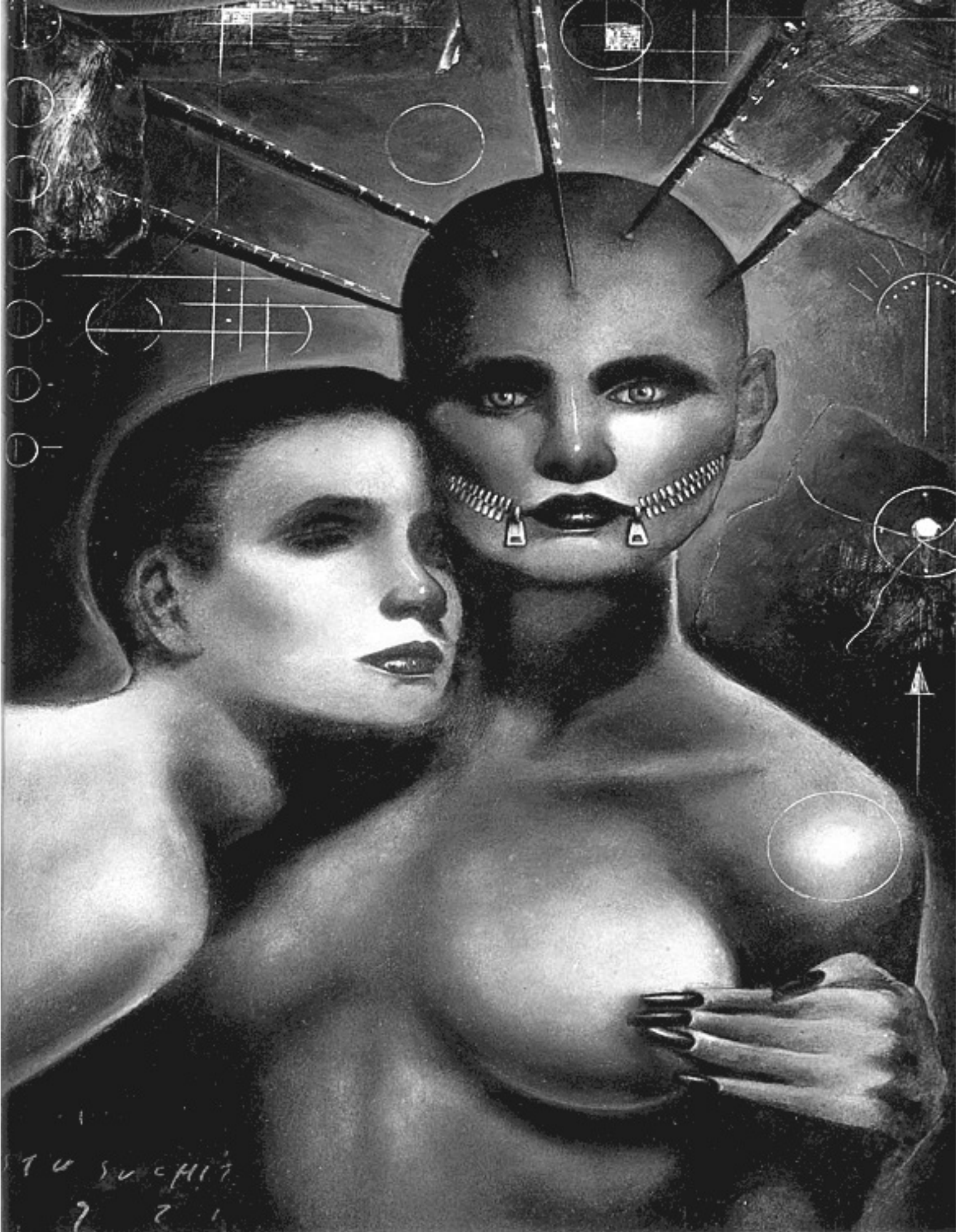
THE SWORD! THE SWORD!

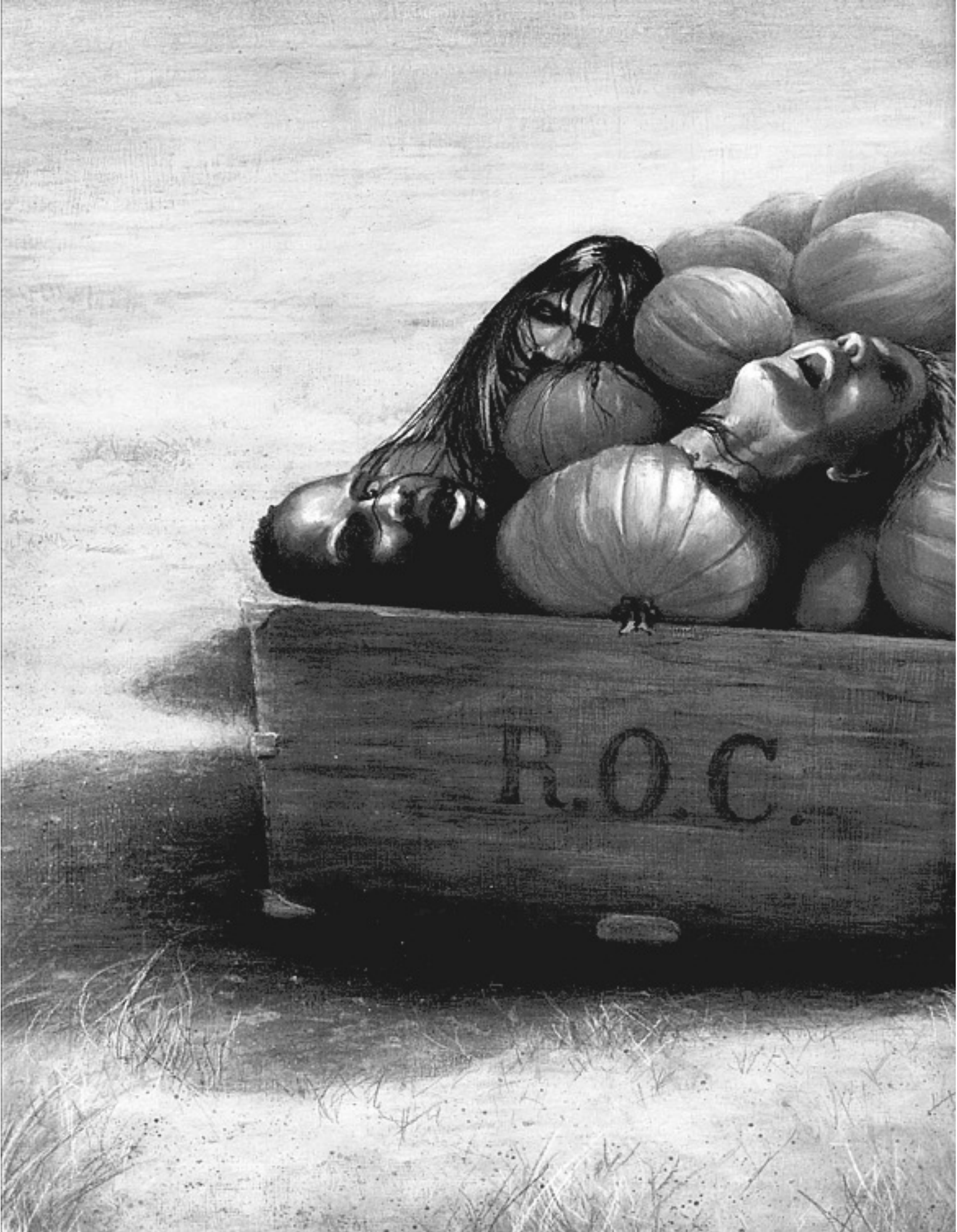
THE SWORD!
THE SWORD!

A TERRIBLE NEW INQUISITION WILL BEGIN.

BUT THE WAR GOES ON. WE MUST SPEAK, REBECCA. SPEAK THE TRUTH TILL THE WORLD ECHOES WITH IT, TILL WE CAN SAY, "YES, THEY WON...
...BUT, ONLY THIS TIME."

THE END




R.O.C.

"Thus far in the stories that spring from the mythology of Hellraiser, the actions of the forces of damnation have gone unchallenged. Time after time, the Cenobites have claimed souls for their infernal chambers, and there has been little or nothing that mortal man could do to stop them. Nor has there been any sign of heavenly intervention, to set against the horrors that Pinhead and the rest of his crew readily dredge up from the depths.

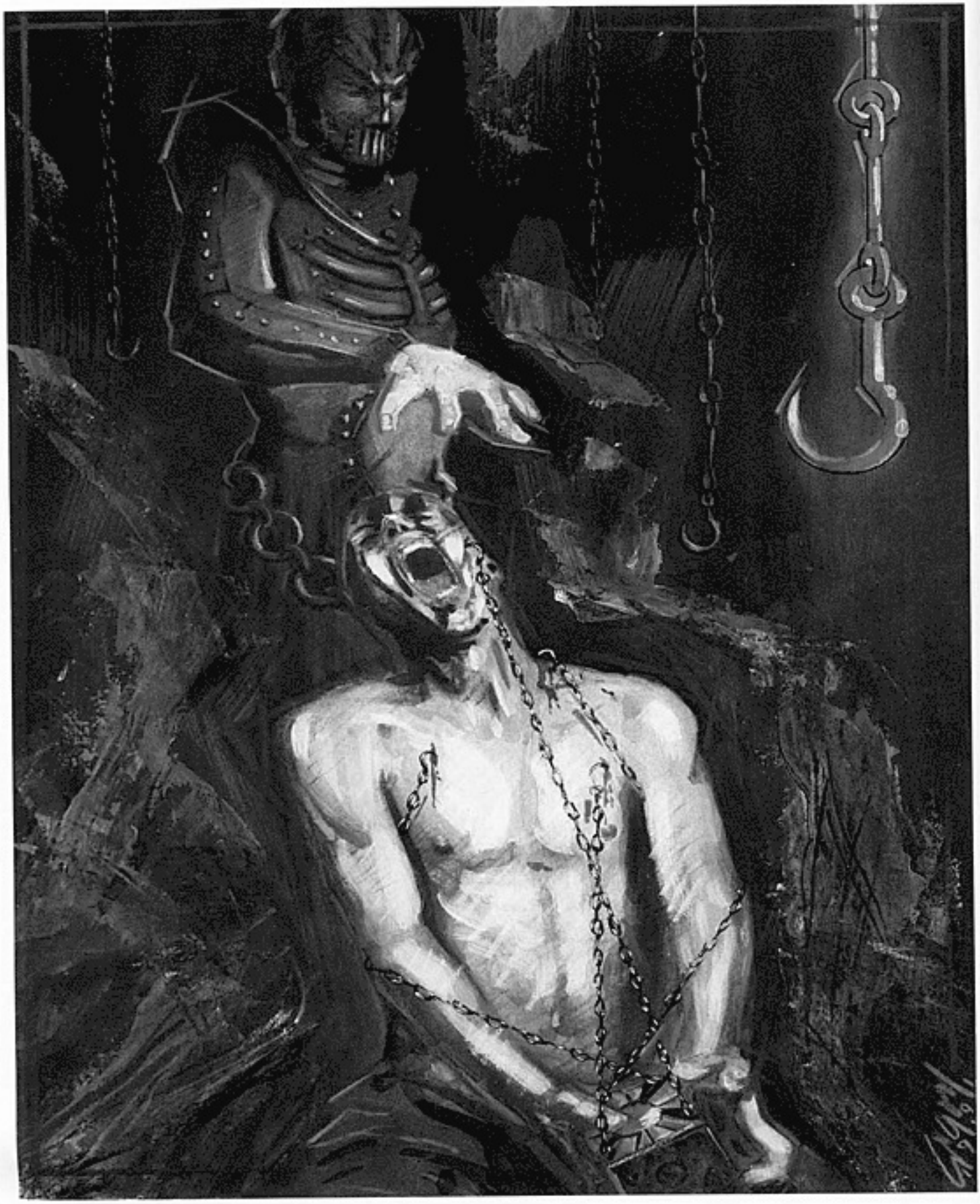
"That situation is about to change."

What you've just read was an introduction written by Clive Barker to what will be the most dramatic episode thus far in the tenure of this ground-breaking series. Beginning in issue #16 of Hellraiser, you'll see the first ruminations of the formation of a group that will shake the Hell of Hellraiser to its foundations. This New Apocrypha was created by Clive, as Hellraiser, and as is the case with this series, the writers privy to this info have run with it, wildly. The story possibilities this New Apocrypha allow are endless, and guarantee you'll be seeing more action, intrigue and multi-leveled stories stalking the halls of Hell in the near future.

I think you'll be impressed with the result, but slow, torturing soul that I am, I'll not give away too much just yet. Just know that in the annuls of Hellraiser, now and forevermore, 1992 shall go down as the year that birthed THE HARROWERS.

Be here next issue for more details. I will be.

— Marc McLaurin
Editor



interior illustrations by
Bartus
Bill Koeb
Steven Johnson
Stu Suchit

front and end piece illustrations by
Doug Gregory

cover art by
James Sherman

Clive Barker
consultant

D.G. Chichester
consulting editor

Tom Daning
assistant editor

Marc McLaurin
editor

Carl Potts
executive editor

Tom DeFalco
editor in chief

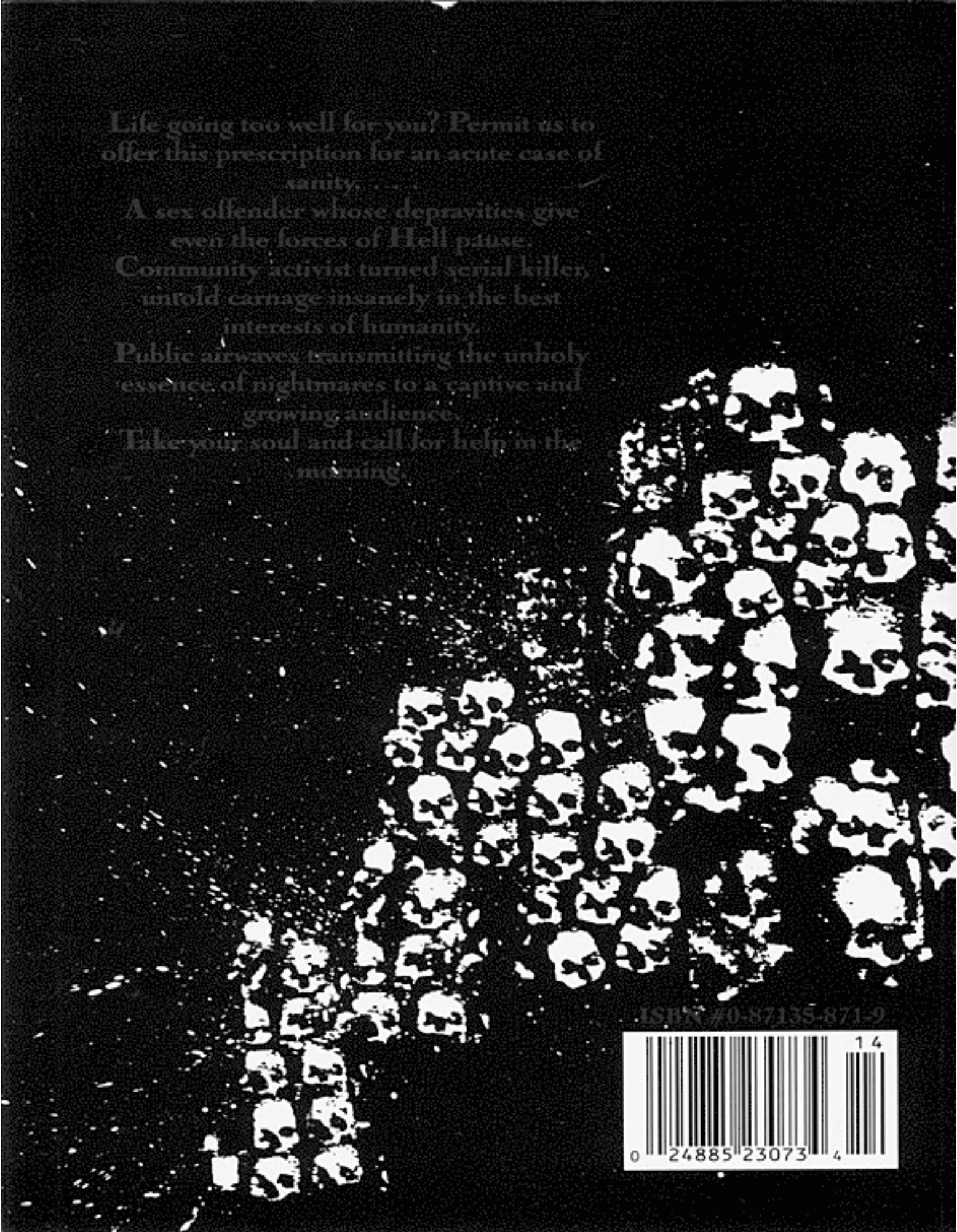
Life going too well for you? Permit us to offer this prescription for an acute case of sanity. . . .

A sex offender whose depravities give even the forces of Hell pause.

Community activist turned serial killer, untold carnage insanely in the best interests of humanity.

Public airwaves transmitting the unholy essence of nightmares to a captive and growing audience.

Take your soul and call for help in the morning.



ISBN #0-87135-871-9

14

0 24885 23073 4